

OLDEST MAINE TOWN

Honor Awarded to Kittery

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Kittery, in Maine, is one of the oldest old towns in New England, and its history is teeming with the struggles of the early settlers, the Indian wars and the romances which have been woven about the fair women of the early days. It certainly has one distinction, that of being the only one of its name in this country.

Kittery was a part of the tract of land granted in 1620 by King James to the Plymouth council, who afterward gave it to Sir Ferdinando Gorges—that is, he took the tract between the Piscataqua and the Kennebec rivers. There seems to be no record of any earlier settlement in Kittery than 1631, except, perhaps, William Hilton, who erected the manor house at Little Harbor, on the other side of the river, may have planted corn in Elliot, as it was said that he went up the river for that purpose.

At this time Kittery—which, by the way, was supposed to have been named after Kittery Point at Kingswear at Dartmouth, Eng.—the home of the early settlers, included the towns of Eliot and Berwick. The first real settlement was made at what was



THE JOHN BAY HOUSE—OLDEST HOUSE IN KITTERY

then called Quawmpesagau Falls, and Newichamananock, now Berwick. This was a plantation under the direction of Ambrose Gibbons. July 8, 1634, the schooner Pied Cow arrived, bringing in her cargo the parts of a mill which was soon after erected—the first mill erected in New England that was run by water. This schooner also brought over a number of women, who, after a very brief courtship, became the wives of the early settlers. The next place which seemed to have been settled was at Braveboat Harbor, which was included in the grant of land called Champenowne Island, granted in 1645 by King George to Arthur Champenowne, and called by him Dartington. This is now known as Cutts Island, and the site of the first Champenowne house is now occupied by a house belonging to John Thaxter, a son of the late Celia Thaxter, the Isles of Shoals poet. In 1705 a part of this grant was sold to Timothy Gerish, and it is now known as Gerrish Island. A part of the land which is now known as Kittery Point was given to John Pearce, who died rather young, leaving his property to Margaret Bray, who in time married Col. William Pepperrell, and was the mother of Sir William Pepperrell, the hero of Louisburg.

Another place settled early was at Spruce Creek, where Alexander Shapleigh settled and built the first house in that section in 1635. This house is now standing. At one time there was quite a little settlement at this point, including a tavern, the old Parker house, a mill, a church and several houses. Here was the stopping place of all stages from Boston to Portland, and here the horses were changed. But a few of the houses remain to-day, fire having destroyed all but one or two.

Coming back to Kittery Point, the chief interest centers about the Pepperrells, and the old mansion which stands to-day is the objective point of all visitors. This old house was part of the land given to William Pepperrell by his father-in-law, John Bray, who presented him the land running from the road to the water. In 1682 he erected his house, which, after he died, his son, Sir William Pepperrell, enlarged to some extent, but the house to-day stands about the same as when left by the Pepperrells.

It was while living here that William



OLD PEPPERELL MANSION

was chosen to lead the expedition to Louisburg, which resulted in the capture of the strong fortifications and the subsequent raising of William to the rank of Sir William. He afterward erected what is now known as the Lady Pepperrell mansion, now occupied by Chester Cutts. Old Sparhawk Hall was the residence of the second Sir William Pepperrell, who dropped the Sparhawk and was known as Sir William Pepperrell.

Another old house which was built in the early part of the eighteenth century was that of Robert Cutts, which is now occupied by Harrison Philbrick. The settlement of the towns seemed to have been from Kittery Point up the river or to Kittery Foreside. The first settlement in the Foreside, now the town proper, was in 1691 by John Diamond, who at one time owned the entire stretch of land, and it was he who probably erected the old Trape house on the point, somewhere about 1691. West of him the land was originally owned by Alexander James and then by John Diamond, who at one time ran a ferry between Kittery and Strawberry Bank. This old section of the town has outgrown its old rival, the Point, and especially since the navy yard was started, and it is now a thriving little village with water system and electric cars.

Along this section of Kittery there was always a large amount of shipbuilding going on, especially at Withers Island, now known as Badgers, and at one time, Langton Island. Here the first ship in the colonial navy was built, the old Raleigh, which was built by command of the king. On this spot the first ship in the American navy, the Ranger, was built for Capt. Paul Jones. At the time the navy yard was established in 1806, this was the chief shipyard for government work, but the yard soon caused this place to be abandoned. The old piles for the ways and wharves can now be seen from the ferryboat as it lands within a few feet of the old ways.

Kittery had its early fights with the Indians, and many stories are told of the conflicts and the killing and kidnapping of the women of the town. It was particularly stirring times at Elliot, where the battle at Ambush Rock took place when Maj. Charles Frost was killed.

At Kittery Point is old Fort McClary, known back as far as 1660 as Fort William. It was originally nothing more than a blockhouse, and in after years the government began the erection of a modern fort, but it was abandoned, and to-day huge piles of cut granite are scattered about the old fort. An imitation of the old blockhouse is still standing.

Over on Gerrish Island are the main cottagers, and these include many well-known people, while at the hotels one often finds those famous in every walk of life. There has been, on the whole, very little change in the appearance of the town from the early



OLD TIME CIDER PRESS ON THE TRAPE ESTATE

days with the exception of the electric road, and this follows the crooks and turns of the roads and streets until Mr. Howells was led to say that it was the quaintest old road in the country

WOMAN SOLD AT AUCTION.

Sliding Was Started as a Joke, but It Proved a Veritable Transaction. Many a remark spoken in jest is taken in earnest, but it is doubtful if a joke was ever carried further than one recorded in a Swedish paper.

While some furniture was being sold recently at auction at Orkellunga a young girl pushed her way through the crowd until she was quite close to the auctioneer—so close, indeed, that she somewhat impeded him when he desired to make effective gestures. Being a man of humor, he resolved to get rid of her in a novel manner, and, therefore, taking her by the arm, he shouted:

"Here, now, is an excellent bargain! A young girl, age 19, very pretty and well educated! What am I offered? Come, we'll start it at 3,000 crowns."

At once there was brisk bidding, which continued until an elderly bachelor farmer, offered 10,000 crowns. The auctioneer tried to get a higher bidder than this, but failed, and so he declared the farmer to be the purchaser of the girl.

All those present thought that it was a good joke, but it was more than that, for a few days later the farmer and the girl were married in the presence of the mayor, and before the ceremony the farmer presented the young woman, who is an orphan, with 10,000 crowns, the exact amount which he was willing to pay for her at auction

How She Did It.

"Yes," he said, "I got to get some slippers. Maria wore out the other pair."

"Surely you don't mean to say that she wears your slippers?"

The old man looked puzzled for a minute, and then he laughed.

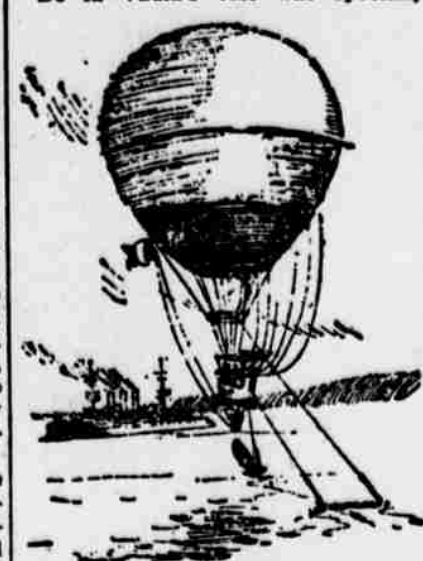
"I reckon you don't jest get the idea," he said. "She wore 'em out all right, but she wore 'em on that boy of ours."

EASILY CROSSED THE CHANNEL.

Balloonist's Successful Trip From France to England.

Though Count De la Vaulx's balloon trip from Paris to Hull was the first made from the French capital to interior England it was the seventh successful attempt to cross the English Channel from the Continent to England, though Col. Fred Burnaby is the only person who has crossed by balloon from England to France.

De la Vaulx's test was specially



daring, as it was made during the night, and as he explains himself, was merely an afterthought, as he had no idea of crossing when he left Paris.

RAISED A JIMSON WEED.

Mean Practical Joke Played on Lover of Flowers.

Practical joking flourishes to such an extent in the vicinity of Poolesville, Montgomery county, Md., that residents of that section of the country on constantly on the lookout for some joke to be played on them.

It happened some time ago that a number of the residents of Poolesville became interested in what was said to be the seed of a new kind of plant. Among those who received samples of the seed was a woman who was unsuccessful in her propagation.

Despite all her care, the seed failed to come up. She was telling of her bad luck to a mixed company, when one of the jokers said he had met with success in growing the seed and would be pleased to give the lady one of the plants he had raised. The lady was delighted at the offer, and expressed her thanks accordingly.

In due time she received a small plant, supposed to have sprouted from the seed which she had tried in vain to propagate. The plant was handled by her very carefully, placed under glass and treated as a pet.

It grew and flourished beyond her fondest expectations, and when it had reached its maturity she found she had nurtured a specimen of the Jamestown, or Jimson, weed, which the joker had palmed off on her.—Baltimore Sun.



Australian Dog.

There can be no doubt that the dingy's bite is worse than his bark. He hasn't any oak. That's the kind of a dog he is. No chance for an injunction here.

Bird's Wonderful Flight.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its northern haunts in North America and taking a course down the Atlantic usually from 400 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

The Unkind Searchlight.

An amusing incident happened recently one night while a battleship was trying her electric searchlight in a Maine harbor. A citizen was about going to bed when the searchlight chance to be thrown upon his window just as he, in his nightgown, was taking his nightcap from a long-necked vial.

Large Yield From One Seed.

The harvest from one single quash seed which William J. Bodwell of Augusta, Me., planted last spring aggregated 97 pounds' weight. There were seven in number, ranging in weight from eight to seventeen pounds.

Traffic on Electric Roads.

The electric roads of the United States carried last year, three times the population of the earth. They also maintained 353 rural parks, nearly one for every day in the year.

Pope's Autograph.

This is the authentic signature of the recently chosen head of the Roman Catholic church.

Queer Form of Potato.

H. E. Faneuf of White River Junction, Vt., recently exhibited a potato which resembled a human hand with a thumb and three fingers, the latter being closed.

REVIVAL OF OLD CEREMONY.

Ancient Custom of "Beating the Bounds" Lately Practiced.

This ancient ceremony is supposed to have originated with the Romans, and is a survival of the time when such things as maps and charts were unknown and the landmarks were trees, rocks and posts. "Beating the bounds" has recently been revived at Great Berkhamsted, after being in abeyance for over fifty years.

The parish officers and rural district councilors, accompanied by a number of townsmen and twenty of the Bourne school boys, all armed with willow wands, perambulated the boundaries, touching each hedge, stone, post or building, with the wands; and on arriving at any open space where the boundary was undefined the processionists formed two lines, and, if any stranger was viewed, he or she was promptly brought up and compelled to run the line, being tapped smartly with the wands as they passed.

This was one of the sporting events of the day, for, on seeing the preparations for their "entertainment," many of the victims bolted and were promptly chased over hedge and ditch. At other points individuals were "bumped," either on a tree-stump or on the ground; walls were scaled, waterforded, hedges forced, and, in some cases, houses passed through, notably at Ashridge, where the line cut through the mansion of Lord Brownlow. At Haresfoot park, the home of Mrs. Smith-Dorrien (mother of the famous general), the pleasure grounds were thus divided, and the venerable chateaux obligingly came out and walked the line. The parish clerk was also compelled to run the gantlet, also the parson and the squire, who were bumped six times each, to the great delight of the onlookers. The distance covered was about twenty-two miles.—Sketch.

Jumping Dog.



This is a view of a dog which jumped to the eaves of a building to recover a stick thrown for him. The dog is owned by Mrs. A. V. Pincoo of Kentville, N. S.

Pope's Odd Timepiece.

An ancient clock in the form of a planisphere, dating from 1725, is one of the most interesting gifts of the late pope's vast collection.

It was presented to the wife of Philip II of Spain by the mathematician Barardo Facini, who constructed it. The planisphere gives the hours and the minutes according to the Spanish and Italian style, the length of days and nights according to the seasons, the daily position of the sun according to the signs of the Zodiac, the solar and lunar eclipses, the real seasons and the seasons according to astronomy.

Notwithstanding the enormous advance in mechanics since its construction, the movement of the wheels is entirely unknown. When once it broke down no one was found able to repair it.—New York Herald.

Chamois.



American women are much mistaken who think this is the animal which furnishes the chamois skin with which they wipe the shine off their faces. They are using sheepskin—and paying for it, too, which after all is some little satisfaction.

The Spread of a Fad.

Last week one of Mr. Frohman's stage managers came to him and said: "Mr. X., in our 'Three Little Maids' company, has left his wife and gone off with a girl who does a song and dance turn in a variety show." "Another case of abandoning legitimate for vaudeville," wearily said Mr. Frohman.—New York Times.

Sardine Catch Falls.

Lovers of the sardine will regret to learn that the harvest of the sea has failed entirely of late so far as that fish is concerned. One firm in London is accustomed to receive consignments of the value of several thousand pounds, week by week, from one house alone, but lately not a single tin has arrived, for the simple reason that the catches have been nil.

Swiss Chocolate.

Swiss chocolate is exported to almost every country in the world, in spite of the fact that all the raw materials, including sugar, are being imported.

HERE IS A BRIGHT DOG.

Reminds Its Master, When Whistles Blow, It's Time to Eat Dinner.

Hard by where some men were at work digging a cellar in a city street there was a dog, a bull terrier, lying comfortably, half asleep, in the shade under a tree.

The dog belonged to one of the men employed on the job, and it was taking life easy while its master worked. But when the whistles blew for 12 o'clock that bull terrier jumped to its feet, and made its way promptly straight to its master and halted before him and looked up at him with an expression and manner that said as plainly as it could have been expressed in spoken words:

"Don't you hear the whistle? It's time to eat dinner."

The dog knows the significance of the whistles perfectly, and it does this every noon.

Maybe the bull terrier is thinking in this twice for itself to once for its master, but it's a bright dog all the same.

Cup From Coal.



In the anthracite coal regions drinking cups carved from blocks of coal are sold as souvenirs.

RELICS FOUND IN PARIS.

Excavating for Underground Road Unearths Fossil Remains.

Geologists, naturalists and paleontologists have been supplied with new documents by the excavations and subterranean galleries made during the construction of the Paris Metropolitan underground railroad, which is rapidly converting the subsoil of the capital into a sort of gigantic rabbit warren.

The underground operations of the Metropolitan system are as yet not half completed, but already seven or eight hundred interesting objects have been unearthed, and scientists are employed by the city to collect and classify them.

Teeth of a squall have been dug up beneath the Place de l'Opera, and in a stratum of the chalk heights of Montmartre a gang of workmen found the skeleton and trunk of a mammoth.

At Grenelle a couple of laborers discovered the skeleton of a mammoth mixed up with those of a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus and an antediluvian bull. Shark's teeth are found in profusion.

At Moulineux the bones of a huge tapir and fragments that seem to have formed part of the skeleton of a gigantic bird have been brought to light.

Beneath the Place de la Bastille layers of barnacles and mussels have been discovered imbedded in silex. Vest deposits of gypsum have also been discovered and the geological conformation of the beds is such as to lead scientists to the conclusion that Paris was once perforated with thermal springs like the geysers of Iceland.

No vestiges of antediluvian man have yet been discovered, such as were found some years ago in the caves near Mentone, but the French geologists are keenly alive to the opportunities afforded by the excavations, and hope to find human remains of the tertiary period.

Special instructions have been given to the workmen to look out not only for bones and relics, but also for traces or imprints on rocks of any animals, for M. Berthelot, the eminent chemist, who eagerly follows the progress of the excavations from a scientific standpoint, declares that it would by no means be improbable to discover in the subterranean strata of Paris images on antediluvian life traced upon walls of rock.—New York Tribune.

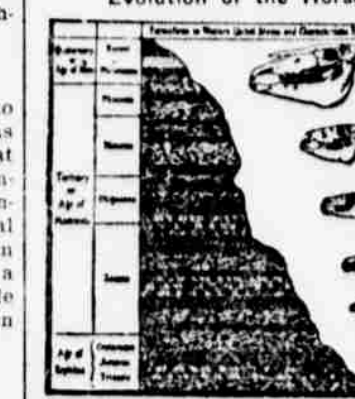
Worked With Broken Collar Bone.

For a week a sixteen-year-old lad named Baker, employed at a dry goods store in New London, Conn., has been working with a broken collar bone and didn't know what was the matter with him. He complained of having a pain around his neck.

Honey Stored in Chimney.

At Assonet, Mass., last week, Mrs. B. Peabody hired David Hoxie to fix up an old chimney. David found that bees had been living in the chimney. It yielded twenty-five pounds of honey.

Evolution of the Horse.



Valuable "Cottage" to Be Sold. An Islesboro (Me.) "cottage" is offered for sale at \$60,000. And a clergyman owns it!

THE WORLD'S MENACE

MOHAMMEDANISM A GREAT AND GROWING PERIL.

Recent Events in the Turkish Empire Have a Dire Significance for the Student—Aim is the Conquest of Christianity.

There is, however, one quarter of the world, one nation, one people, where and among whom war has been an ever-present possibility for many years, and is apparently now actually beginning. We refer to Turkey, to the Turkish people, and the followers of Mohammed, wherever they may be. The hideous outrages and massacres which have filled Macedonia and other provinces of European Turkey with misery and woe and terror for months past are only symptomatic of the condition prevailing in every country where the rule of the unspeakable Turk extends or the tenets of Mohammedanism are held by any considerable number of people. The deepest, most menacing and formidable shadow that lies across the pathway of the world's peace to-day is that of Mohammedanism, says Leslie's Weekly.

These things being true, such uprisings as that in Morocco, the formidable outbreak in Macedonia, the growing disaffection in Asia Minor, the operations of the Mad Mullah in Somaliland, the rise of the fanatical Senussi in the Sudan, all take upon themselves an ominous significance. The recent predictions of numerous writers in English and French reviews that we are on the eve of a terrible outburst of Moslem fanaticism may not be fulfilled, but they can hardly be regarded as a purely alarmist cry.

It is also to be borne in mind that the Sultan of Turkey, the chief representative of the Moslem faith, has a standing army of over 250,000 men, and a reserve force for war purposes of over 900,000 more, all equipped with the best modern arms and disciplined by the best and most experienced military instructors that Europe affords.

Fear of death is unknown to them, for they are quite convinced that their bravery and devotion will be rewarded in paradise. At Omdurman 45,000 dervishes charged down from the western slopes of Korret with glint of sword and spearheads to face the Maxim guns of the most powerful army Great Britain had put into the field in forty years.

Another element in the situation, more significant of coming peril than any yet mentioned, lies in the fact that Mohammedanism is increasing faster relatively, than any other form of faith. It now has a nominal membership throughout the world of 176,834,372, of which, it is claimed, ten millions have been added in the last decade.

Mr. Bourne has also described the rapid rise and growth of the Senussi, a fierce and warlike league of Moslems, founded some forty years ago but who have recently established colonies in Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and the oases of the Sahara, and are joining to their standard thousands of wild and lawless people wherever they appear. Their aim, in common with all Moslems, is nothing more nor less than the conquest of the Christian world and the conversion of its people by the sword or otherwise to the Moslem faith.

HIS LAPSE OF MEMORY.

Queen Victoria's Experiences With Befuddled Legislator.

An anecdote which has lately been going the rounds in British official circles concerns the memorable experience of a certain member of Parliament during the last year of Queen Victoria's reign. The statesman in question is not one of those who are most firmly convinced of the benefits of total abstinence, and the evening of a certain public function at which royalty was to be present, found him in a condition which would not have been edifying to the supporters of that movement. The late queen was receiving the guests of honor, and it was necessary that the convivial M. P. should be presented with the rest. As he approached his sovereign Victoria extended her hand for him to kiss. But he did not kiss it; instead he crasped and shook it with vigorous enthusiasm, while he scrutinized her face with grave perplexity. "Your face, madam," he observed, "is perfectly familiar to me, but I'm dazed if I can remember your name!"—Harper's Weekly.

Fruit That Eve Bit.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom from a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Oranges on the outside and deep crimson within each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bit ten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mahomedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

A Complaint Verified.

"I have almost nothing to wear," she sighed. "But her cruel husband laughed. 'I have almost nothing to wear!' she cried. "But he only smiled and chaffed. He is now the most penniless of men. And says he has been a brute. For she truly moved him to pity when she came out in her bathing suit."—Philadelphia Ledger.